Come on as early as you can on Monday.
The Old Vic is in the Waterloo Road,
Donkey, & not Hammersmith: &
there won't be a dress in the
house. I don't know what time it begins.

V.

O & don't let Ethel know we're going, or
he'll come too.

Friday 1st April. 1932
(April fools day: a)
was had
Monk House (completely
Rodmell by Leonard

Listen, long ears.

An American dealer has written to me to say that a Collector wants to buy the MS of Orlando. For my part I think it would be a very good thing if you sold it now – you might get a hundred or two. It seems to me far better to sell now, when the dollar is worth whatever it is worth, than to keep it moldering on at Long Barn – it will moulder still more at Lis. What I should like would be that you should start your library on the proceeds. So let me

know - I will write another book & send
you the MS instead — about turning
into a rusty, clotted, hairy faithful
blue-eyed sheep-dog.
Are you coming up on Monday, & if
so are you coming my way?
We return Sunday night — I
was going to say damn: but
my happiness here is almost
entirely ruined. NYPL You can't think
what horror — vast galvanised
iron sheds, 3 of them, about the
size of the Albert Hall, aren't
rising right in the middle of my
marsh. The terrace is
irretrievably ruined. What is
the point of staying on here?
I've been walking on the Downs,
but Everywhere one comes on

the horror, & it works a sore on one's mind. It makes me rage & wake in a hellish mercy at dawn. I daresay this kind of outrage is among the real sorrows of life.

So I want comforting.

V.

We go to Greece on the 14th I think, flying one way. It only £5 more than train, & 2 days quicker.

I say — we hope you will dine here on Monday next with Harold. Kingsley Martin is coming. Apart from the pleasure of your society, I think the effect would be all to the good.

52 T. Sunday night.
Apr. 11th, 1932

Nessa was found under your chair to-night & is therefore supposed to be yours. Please, please write to me — if addressed here it will be forwarded: I mean they will: I mean you must write. Every week, whenever you think you, & dear Thy moon in a hurdle, & hear a dog howling or tread on glass. I've refused the £5,000 for Orlando, on your behalf. — What a darling!

This would have built me a library to last for ever.
Yes I'm taking the 2 saddles for me & Ethel: one's a
mare's: for that, as I understand, to be your
relation. Shall we ever meet again?
This time next week I shall be floating past the
light of Dalmatia – looking out of my port hole
window I shall see – no, this is too cruel. Since
all you'll see is the R.B.L: Leeman's
Samuel perspiring forehead, Langham Place, omnibuses
& women. But Lord! I'm sorry to do a mint of
things before I go: & Sybil, Jan Hudson, & so on.
Au revoir my
& Potto's love.

Athens. April 24th 1932

Well, you haven't written to me, not one word, not one post card, (I perhaps Livingt is blotted out - the Town fell, crushing the Dauphin, the Jacksville to sink help - a very fitting end for a woman who fought old but humble hunker but old, friends - It's Sunday at Athens, we've been lunching, not bad either, & looking for 2 hours at Byzantine relics - because it's a filthy wet day; & now we're off to Hymettus, & yesterday we went in a ship to Aegina, & saw the loveliest temple & the an island all carved in terraces (illegible) with olives & wild flowers, & the sea running into the bays (it was pouring wet.) I met Arthur, & we were herded with 50 American archaeologists) Still it's a beautiful island, & I paddled to the hill top, picking wild irises & anemones & [illegible]

stars, a little pansy like, violet blue, white, pearl flowers, all about as big as the stone in your ring no bigger. And we went to Delphi, & wandered in olive woods, & to Sunium, the temple on a cliff, which cliff is soft with flowers, all again no bigger than pearls or topazes - Margery Fry is a maniacal botanist, & squats - like the Russian bear - on the rocks digging with a penknife. And we saw the Greek shepherds but in a wood near Marathon, & a lonely dark olive, red lipped, pink shawled girl wandering & spinning thread from a lump of wool from her own flock - sheep Ah there! That to make you feel envious - (I see you've got foot & mouth disease in Kent.) Our drawback - there it is - I'll want to know - are bitter winds, stormy grey skies, & rain not helping on soft green budding. Also Roger has the flu - can't walk, also Margery rubbers. Like all Hewlins aged 63 from unexplicit bones 20 years ago for Englishmen who were killed in the war. But this means that the is dull & the

most obsolete & useless information about archaeology; has
everything an invalid can want in a huge wooden box, & makes
arrowroot for those who like arrowroot the last thing at night.
Tomorrow, if the rain stops, we're off for 3 nights in the Peloponnese
(can't spell) & then back here. & then.) think to Crete (CRETE) & then
I suppose home. but I don't want Turkish Sofa at the moment: I
like the life here — go shopping see the donkeys, with panniers full of
anemones: & the Square, all asleep with flowers, & the Acropolis (ACROPOLIS
Have I described our afternoon on the Acropolis — when a storm
rushed up from the Aegean (AEGEAN) black as arrows, & the blue was
as blue as hard china. & the storm & the blue fell upon each
other & 10 million German tourists rushed about the temples
precisely like mosquitoes in their grey & purple mackintoshes —
no I haven't described the Acropolis — you may thank your stars)
(ACROPOLIS)

I know my place as a prose writer & bear all that to someone who, about
this time 4 years since, was from Jack Squire, a silver beaker
to drink her pap from. There! That's my revenge for you not
thinking of me. Ethel thinks of me. The first thing I got here from
Gielmann the tourist agent was a sheet from Woking bidding
him buy a mare Leabrook 2nd hand for her to ride on this
autumn "as I'm growing stiff & rather past middle life now".
I picture you & Ethel jogging up Hyde Park together on a second hand
mare's saddle. By the way, who is a Sandy middle aged red faced
Norway & talks at top of voice about Austen, Bibi Bentinck, Lascelles,
Billy Tyrrell & so on? He almost got to you, but caught me listening &
drew his horns in. He was travelling on the boat from Venice. Lord, how
wearisome diplomatic talk is - D'ye know Bibi Bentinck - ee ee - yes
are well out of it. But it is not well that you shd - forgot me. Please
write - Roger is angelic, & under Knowsley the most sympathetic kind.
I sends his love - but is catching a stea- V.

Athens
May 4th 1932

Loch I have just got your letter, & it was very nice to get your letter though I cant help feeling, being as you know a very [illegible] for emotion, that you're somehow rather saddened worried, bothered — why? Why is life so complicated at the moment? Money? Dolly? Writing? God knows. Its no use asking questions at this distance, nor indeed much ~~less~~ use writing letters, since we start back tomorrow — But I will just have my little fling, since your letter was such a nice one, like a beautiful ~~Boyt~~ Borzoi, Queen Alexandra's favourite dog, writing with an eagle quill. Did you ever see a Borzoi write a poem? a sextet? sextet Loch, if you haven't got me mixed

one of the most seductive sights at Sandringham I'm told they were at it all night long — but to return. I was going to tell you how we've been off in a car jolting & jumping to Nauplia, Mycenae, Corinth. — Mestria, Delphi, & so on. And there were bees in Agamemnon's tomb. — I thought of you — such a booming they made in a stone hollow like a vast beehive. Sea was round us at Nauplia — the waves lapped my balcony & I looked down into the heart of fish. And then we crossed an appalling bay, winding round & round, every curve higher, & one wheel on the other perpetually balancing over a precipice 3,000 feet & sheer rock beneath. How I trembled! Then suddenly swooping round a corner to come upon a flock of goats & another car, & to have to back, with the hind wheels braking

the tops of lime trees. That we got through
safely & ~~visited~~ do to Delphi where an
Englishman Skelton, SHELETON the owner of my SON OF MY
friend, had been found dangling from a
tree in a forge, with a cord round between
the ribs - There I bathed my feet in
the Castalian spring: & ate the rock rose
covered with pale purple Campanula -
but what the use of talking of flowers to
an Englishwoman? You buy them in
bunches: here they toss them about
heads. I've never seen so many -
at Aegina yesterday the whole hill was
red with rock roses, & yellow sea
poppies, one of which I picked for you -
here are its decaying petals. The
sea sets in everywhere - you come to the
top of a hill, there's the sea beneath -
& snow mountains beyond, & hags as
they were when Eve PERSEPHONE was at School
be Persephone - bathed there. Not a
bungalow, not a kennel, not a tea
shop. Pure sea water on pure sand is
almost the loveliest thing in the world -
you know how many times I've said
so. & brought in 10 women with baskets.

So yesterday we plunged into the sea
swam about in the Aegean, with sea
urchins & anemones, all transmuted,
waving red & yellow beneath our feet.
Then the hills - they aren't green, but
marble, always with flying veils of
purple & blue. But I won't run up a
bill for words (I'm writing in a rush,
about to go out for the last time in
Athens) we must at all costs come
here next year. Do you mean for
honeymoon? I never
thought it possible, what with
Eton & so on. But next year is
already marked for Crete damn
America. Seriously, it's a jolly to
want one's prima aquerring lord when
there's this perfectly wild & yet very
civilized & entirely beautiful place
to be lived in. And when shall I see
you? Before I see Ethel? Please say yes.
We stay a day or two at Rodmell.
It was so strange coming back here again
I hardly knew where I was; & when it was.
There was my own ghost coming down from
the Acropolis, aged 23: & how I hated her!
Well: let me know of your
up & forgive scrawling
Lordby